

Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 14—VOL. XVI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1824.

NO. 795.

THE RIGID FATHER.

[CONTINUED.]

LETTER IX.

CHARLES JANION TO HENRY MULLER.

Lunenburg.

IT is over:—I feel myself more at liberty, more satisfied with myself more raised above what is mean and contemptible. The day after I had written my last letter to you, when I was preparing to go to Augusta, and declare to her that, if she would render me happy by her consent, I was determined to make her my wife, a servant came to inform me that my father desired I would remain at home that afternoon, as company was expected, whom it would be unnecessary I should attend. Accordingly, about three o'clock, came madam Willmans and her daughter, both full-dressed; and soon after Mr. and Mrs. Mardyke, with whom I had the little transference relative to the thousand marks which I have before related to you, and who are near relations to the Willmans. Afterwards came two notaries, and presently a numerous tribe of humble aunts and cousins belonging to our family. I was sent for. My uncle met me at the parlor-door, and said:

"Have you considered?"

"Yes."

"Are you determined?"

"Yes."

"Then go, in Heaven's name: they wait for you."

When I entered the parlor all eyes were turned upon me, and a kind of general whisper ran through the company, as every one thought it would be proper to congratulate me, though none seemed to know how to begin. My father, with a loud sigh, commanded silence, and all resumed their seats.

My father now addressed me in a tone and manner certainly expressive of kindness and tenderness:

"Dear father!" said he, "are the principal personages in this scene. You have been long weary of my control and authority, and I will to-day set you at liberty."

He took my hand and pressed it with much emotion.

"Dear father!" said I, tenderly and as became a son, "only deign to listen to me for a moment, a single moment—something has occurred!"

"Have any letter been received from England?" said he, interrupting me.

I told him, without answering, through a closet, into another room.

"Dear father!" said I.

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed he "have you letters? Has every thing miscarried?"

I assured him that what I had to say related only to myself.

"Well," said he, "let us hear then."

"You wish to marry me, dear father! and to Miss Willmans?"

"Yes."

"Have you considered, dear father! that—"

"So you are to advise your father to consider! Yes, yes, I have considered: every thing is right there can be no objection."

"No, no, father! every thing is not right: there may be an objection."

He looked at me with a kind of wondering stare.

"What is not right? The Willmans have not been very successful in the world, but I shall make your fortune the more considerable."

"You seem to take no account of me in this transaction."

"Of you! What can you mean by this sentence? Is it not for you that all this is done?"

"Yes; but of my happiness!"

Nay, look into the contract; you will find there thirty thousand dollars."

"And so, for these wretched thirty thousand dollars!"

"Are you in your senses?—Wretched thirty thousand!—What do you mean by wretched?"

"Dear father! I have no inclination to Miss Willmans, nor never while I live shall I have any."

"Charles," said he, looking at me, and in a more serious tone of voice, "you are a fool! How can you know that before-hand? Come, come, the company are waiting for us."

"I will never give my hand to Miss Willmans."

"You will not!—That we shall see in a moment. Come!"

"Do not, dear father! expose the young lady to so much embarrassment and mortification; not yourself to such a disappointment. I am firmly determined."

"You should have told me that sooner," said he, frowning: "now it is too late! Come, we must go."

He took me by the arm.

"I did not know it sooner."

"It does not signify; you must sign as I desire you, and all will be well."

"For Heaven's sake, father!"

"No reply!—I will see what you will do."

And he almost dragged me into the parlor.

"A circumstance of somewhat an unpleasant nature," said he, endeavoring to assume a cheerful countenance; "but it is not of any consequence. Mr. Notary, read the contract of marriage between my daughter and Mr. Rohr. Now, if you please, make your congratulations," said he, in a tone of command.

The conduct of my father roused my indignation. She received the congratulations that were made her with the utmost complacency; and, afterwards turning her head aside, archly surveyed the bridegroom from head to foot, smiled significantly, and said, loud enough for the by-standers and Mr. Rohr himself to hear—"He gets my money, and I get a husband; that is the whole affair."

She signed, and now casting a kind of threatening look on me, took the second contract, and was about to begin to read it.

"Father," said I, "read not a word of it; my heart has chosen for itself; I have an affianced wife. There is a limit where paternal authority ceases, and filial obedience ends. We are now arrived at that limit."

I laid this with the greatest calmness and fixed resolution, in which the levity of my father's behaviour had confirmed me. My father looked at me with eyes that seemed to flash fire. All the company, except the Willmans, appeared to be

greatly surprised and confused. I made my bow and offered to go.

"Stay," cried my father in the most violent rage, and placed himself before the door. He gave the contract to the notary, desiring him to read it.

"Brother," said my uncle coldly, "the lady whom we do not all know, will not thank you for making her name public in this manner."

My father who was enraged and confounded at my unexpected behaviour and opposition to his will, looked wildly at my uncle and furiously cried—"I am determined he shall obey."

"Dear brother," said my uncle calmly, "I have no objection; but you will ill-treat the innocent young lady if you cause the contract to be read."

The countenance of old Mrs. Willmans now became suffused with redness, and great anxiety and disappointment were very visible in it.

"No," said the sleeping forwards, "when an affair has gone thus far—"

The daughter appeared to be struggling to suppress her anger at the indignity offered her; but tears which did not seem to be of the tenderest kind, at length burst forth.

"I," said she—"I am the unhappy person."

My father turned towards me with a menacing look.

"You see," said he to my uncle, loud enough for all to hear, "it is not my fault that every one knows who the lady is."

He threw the contract on the table, and again exclaimed aloud,

"I am determined he shall sign."

My aunt Judith came behind me, and walking up and down, seemingly in the greatest agitation, whispered to me, "The father's blessing builds the children's houses."

It is impossible for me to depict, in colors sufficiently lively, the whole of this odious and contemptible scene. Mr. Mardyke came up to me, and said affectedly in French, "You see my good friend, that it is impossible that you should refuse to comply, unless you disregard all sense of propriety—He is willing to comply said he with an air of confidence, and took my hand to lead me to the table. This deprived me of all patience: I looked sternly at him and he looked my hand."

"My dear child!" said my father to Miss Willmans, leading her to the table, "are you willing to sign? He shall I am relieved; you may depend upon it that he shall!"

"I will wager my life against a penny," exclaimed my uncle, hastily, "that Miss Willmans will not sign it: it is impossible!"

The young lady looked at my uncle for a moment, as if hesitating, and then took up the pen.

"Write your name as plain as you can, and at full length," said her mother; and the daughter signed.

"We must do the best we can for ourselves," said my uncle very archly, in French, to Mr. Mardyke.

"Yes sir," replied the other, "that is always my maxim."

"It is what I have just done," said my uncle,

almost laughing aloud....Do you understand that? My heart has a conjecture.

Tell me whether you think it possible that any one could believe I would now sign? My disgust at the girl was increased tenfold, that I determined to spare her no longer.

"Now," said my father, "you will surely no longer refuse?"

"I have nothing more to say," answered I calmly. "Every body here seems to care so little about my consent, that the want of my signature cannot certainly be of any great consequence."

"Begone from my sight, rascal!" exclaimed my father in the most furious rage.

I went, not to my chamber, but immediately to Augusta; from the regions of Tartarus to the abode of the blessed. As I went, the situation in which I had left Augusta three days before presented itself to my mind. I thought of her quietude, the tears I had seen standing in her eyes, and I redoubled my pace. She perceived me some distance, and came to the door of the house to meet me. There was something particular, and, as it were, shy, in her behavior.

"I am very glad, however," said she "that you are come again, once more."

"Could you then suppose, dear Augusta," said I, "that I should not come again?"

She appeared confused.

"Oh, no!" said she, blushing; "but I thought—at least my mother thought—you have not been here these three days, you know." Her mother received me in a very friendly, but somewhat formal manner. We began a conversation which, however was discontinued every moment: I asked Augusta concerning her drawing, which was almost finished three days before; but I found that she had done nothing more to it.

I waited with impatience for the moment when Mrs. Silvermann, after having finished some little household affairs, would, as usual, have left Augusta and me alone together; but this evening she continued at her work without offering to go. Not a word was said of my marriage, and I remarked that Augusta took the utmost care not allude to it in the most distant manner. She seemed uneasy, and often looked at her mother, as if asking her—"Do I not say too much?" I once thought, I know not how the idea obtruded itself, that it might have been so agreed between them. I asked Augusta, as it was a fine moonlight night, to take a walk with me as we had often done before; but her mother endeavored to make an excuse for her. This, however, I would not admit; but almost forced Augusta to take her cloak, though her mother seemed to give her consent very unwillingly, and with a sigh.

I am interrupted, but I shall find opportunity to continue my letter presently.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANECDOTES.

A man who had a defect in one of his legs, was objected to by a magistrate as a substitute for a militia man, on the score of his lameness. "I know I am lame, your worship," said he "but I offer myself to fight, not to run away."

A widow lady resides at present in the Borough of Southwark, whose first husband was a *Butcher*, the second a *Tanner*, and her last a *Shoemaker*. The first almost starved her; the second used to beat her; and the third used to make her go bare-footed!

TO ANNA.

THE morning wakes, still, my Love,
And greets the conscious fluttering hour!
Though still'd the human heart to move,
Thou slum'st not here a moment's power.

Arise, my Anna, since for you
Fann'd by the Zephyr's balmy wing,
The modest flow'rs, wet with dew;
Blushes from forth the lap of Spring.

For you the garden's various pride
Mingle the many-colour'd dyes;
Here spread their gay profusion wide,
Their bloom unscathed, unscolded dies.

You there await; then haste, my Fair,
Call from each plant its favorite flow'r;
Fond of its office, each shall bear
Some emblem of my Anna's pow'r.

Thus while I speak, the Fair-one's eyes
Diffus'd into a gleam of tears;
Which when officious Love would dry,
In profuse accents spoke the Fair:

"Ah! cease thine unavailing care,
Nor the morning wakes for me;
Say not for me the vernal air
Perfumes the white-embellish'd tree,

Alas! the bloom that pains the rose,
The snow-white lily's pale hue,
Each sweet sweet, each flow'r that blows,
And spreads its beauty forth to view;

Too soon, when evening's conscious shade
Shall chill their tender opening flow'r,
Each frost-lid'd glory from their fade:
The minims of the morning hour!

Thus too, beneath the touch of Time,
Like flow'r's, shall passion's beauty die;
Each fair: each born but to decline;
Children of frail mortality.

Yet this distinction still awaits
The common lot that both must share;
This nice proportion in the fate
Which both are subjected to view;

Summer repairs the Winter rage;
Spring bids the embryo flower bloom;
But, ah! what Spring enlivens Age?
What Summer dawns upon the Tomb!

ODE ON HEALTH.

From "Poems by GEORGE DRYDEN, B. A."

CHILD of the Light, fair Morning Hour,

Who smilest o'er yon purple hill,

I come to woo thy cheering power,

Beside this morn'ning till I

Nor I alone—A thousand songsters rise

To meet thy dawning, and thy sweets to share;

While ev'ry flow'r, that feeds the honey'd air,

Thy milder influence feels, and throws its brightest

dies.

And let me hear some village swain

Whistle in rustic glee along;

Or some fair damsel's tender pain

Breath'd from the milk-maid's song.

Wild are those notes; but sweeter far to me

Than the soft airs borne from Italian groves,

To which the warren Mule, and naked Love,

The lyre at random strikes, and dace in gay foam glees.

And Health, the child of blooming fire,

Shall hither hails on nimble feet,

With bowing locks, and looks attire,

Me on the plain to meet,

Gay laughing Mirth, that loves a morning sky,

That loves to skip across the fragrant dew;

And, with her finger dippt in bright dew,

My faint cheek shall she ring, and cheer my languid

eye!

Then will I taste the Morn's sweet hour,

And, singing, bless the new-born day;

Or, wand'ring in Amanda's bow'r,

Rise the sweets of May;

And to my long Amanda shall attend,

And take the poms from the Sylvan Mule;

For sure the virtuous fair will not refuse

The Mule's modest gift, her tribute to a friend.

INTE RESTING NARRATIVE; OR SAGACITY IN A DOG.

DONALD ARCHER, a grazier near Perth in Scotland, had long kept a fine dog for the purpose of attending his cattle on the mountains, a service the animal performed with the utmost vigilance. The grazier having a young puppy given him by a friend, brought it home to his house, and was remarkably fond of it; whenever the puppy was caressed, the old sheep dog would snarl and appear greatly dissatisfied; and, when at times it came to eat with old Brutus, a dislike was evident, which at last made him leave the house; and, notwithstanding every search was made after him by his master, he could not be found.

About four years after the dog had eloped, the grazier had been driving a herd of cattle to a neighboring fair, where he disposed of them, received his money, and was bent on returning home. He had proceeded near ten miles on his journey, when he was overtaken by a tempest of wind and rain, that raged with such violence as to cause him to look for a place of shelter; A smoke that came from some bushes convinced him that he was near a house, to which he thought it was prudent to go, that he might learn where he was, and procure refreshment; accordingly he crossed a path and came to a door, knocked, and demanded admission; the landlord, a surly looking fellow, gave him an invitation to enter and he seated in a room that wore but a very indifferent aspect. Our traveller was hardly before the door when he was saluted with every degree of surprise and kindness by his former dog, old Brutus, who came wagging his tail, and demonstrating all the gladness he could express. Archer immediately knew the animal, and was astonished at so unexpectedly finding him so many miles from home.

After a short conversation with the landlord, he was called to a room, and left to take his repose. It is necessary to observe that, from the first moment of Archer's arrival, the dog had not left him a moment, but had even followed him into the chamber, where he placed himself under the bed, unperceived by the landlord. The door being shut, our traveller revolved in his mind, the singular appearance of his old companion, his lonely situation, and the manners of those whom he housed; the whole of which tended to confirm his suspicion of being in a place of danger and uncertainty. His reflections were soon interrupted by the approach of the dog, who came crawling from under the bed; and, by several extraordinary gestures, endeavored to direct his attention to a particular corner of the room, where he proceeded and saw a light that called up every sentiment of horror: the floor was stained with blood, that seemed to flow out of a crevice which was secured by a lock, which he attempted to explore but could not open it. Not any longer doubting his situation, but considering himself as the next victim of the wretches in whose society he had got, he resolved to tell his life as dear as possible; and to perish in the attempt, or effect his deliverance. With this determination he pulled out his pistols, and softly opened the door, honest Brutus at his heels, with his shaggy hair erect, like the bristles of boar, bent on destruction: he reached the bottom of the stairs with as much caution as possible, and listened with attention for a few minutes, when he heard a conversation, that was held by several persons, whom he had not seen when he first came into the house, which left him no room to doubt of their intentions. The villainous landlord was informing them in a low tone, of the booty they would find in the possession of his guest, and the moment they were to murder him, for that purpose.

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Alarmed as Archer was, he immediately concluded that no time was to be lost in doing his best endeavors to save his life; he therefore, without hesitation, burst in among them, and fired his pistol at the landlord, who fell from his seat; the rest of his gang were struck, while the grazer made for the door, let himself out, and fled with rapidity, followed by the dog. A mulatto was discharged after him, but fortunately did not do any injury. With all the speed that danger could create, he ran, until the day light presented a haze, and the main road, at no great distance. To this house he immediately went, and related all that he had seen, to the landlord, who immediately called upon a recruiting party, that were quartered upon him; the sergeant of which accompanied the grazer, in search of the house in the wood. On entering the house, they there began to explore the apartments, and found in the very closet, the appearance of which had had the grazer to attempt his escape, the murder remains of a traveller, who has since been admitted through all the country. On coming into the lower room, the dog began to make the earth near the fire place, with his feet, in such a manner as raised the curiosity of all present; the sergeant ordered the place to be dug up, when a poor dog was discovered, which, on being opened, was found to contain the mangled bodies of many that had been murdered, with the landlord himself, who was not quite dead, though he had been shot through the neck, by the grazer. The wretches, in their quick retreat, had thrown him in amongst those who had formerly fallen victims to their cruelty, supposing him past recovery; he was, however, cured of his wounds and brought to justice, tried, found guilty, and executed. Thus, was the life of a man preserved by the fidelity and attachment of a valuable quadruped.

NEW-YORK, APRIL 7, 1804.

THE number of Deaths in this City, for the week ending on Saturday last, according to the City Clerk's report, are adults 19—children 11—Total 30.

Advice was received from Albany, stating that the bill for the suppression of the Merchant's Bank, has passed the Senate by a majority of two; with an amendment, to extend its operation to the first of May, 1805.

We learn that the John Adams is soon to sail for the Mediterranean.

On Monday the 12th of March the Bridge across Connecticut river between Hanover and Norwich in the State of New-Hampshire, unfortunately gave way, and was reduced to a heap of ruins. The ice being extremely thick and strong, did not break; and it is expected the principal part of the materials will be saved.

By the arrival at Boston from Alicante, we learn that all the officers of the United States frigate Philadelphia, 18 in number had been liberated through the spirited interference of the French Consul at that place; and that 15 or 20 of the crew had found means to make their escape from servitude, by getting possession of a boat, and putting to sea.

On Saturday last arrived at Philadelphia the brig Ann, captain Lord, from Martinick, which place he left the 12th of Feb. He informs, that he arrived there the 10th of Jan. in the course of fifteen days arrived 5 American vessels, but none afterwards. On the 2d of Feb. the British

sent 8 boats into Port Royal and cut out the brig Carions of twenty guns, and 80 men on board, ready to sail for France the next day; the captain General had taken his passage on board, to go to France. The Captain of the brig was on board, and made his escape out of the cabin window, from on shore, and the next day the wounded men, were sent ashore in a flag of truce. On the 3d of Feb. the British landed 500 men on the S. W. end of Martinick, who were repulsed by 200 militia; ten of the French was killed, and 8 or 10 wounded; six Englishmen were found dead the next morning. On the 6th the British sent a cutter full, into Port Royal Bay, supposed as a spy to view the harbor; the first shot from the fort sent her to the bottom; 15 men made their escape in the boat as we were informed, and forty-five went down with the vessel; on the 8th, there was an English schooner crossing the Bay of St. Pierre, as we are informed by a Danish vessel, that had sixty-five men on board, as she was in company with her, by an accident some are got to her magazine and she blew up at 11 A. M. not one of the crew saved. The British Commodore sent a proclamation since these accidents happened, and declared the Island in a state of siege and has called all his forces from Guadeloupe to surround the Island and has erected two batteries on the Diamond Rock and on the South West part of the Island, and anchors his ships there; he has at anchor, three ships of the N. W. side, under the lee of the Petit Rocks, and has declared that he will take every thing at sea, great or small he can lay hold of, and has destroyed a number of country boats coming with produce. The French has taken the private negroes from the plantation to erect batteries in every place on the Island, where a boat can land. The inhabitants are determined to keep them off, if it is in their power—the number of militia troops on the Island are 9000 militia under arms.

WILMINGTON, (DE.) March 31.

Arrived brig Phoebe Ann, Jeffrey, Cape-Francois 23 d'vrs. Passengers, Messrs. Catlor, and Dillingly, Mademoiselle La Fontaine, and Senitine and two daughters. Sailed in co. sch'rs. Emeline Moran, of and for New-York: Little James, Clary, of and for Charleston, and William, Dade, of and for Alexandria. Captain School in a Boston brig, sailed the same day for the Bite. The British 74 gun ship Elephant, and a frigate, were cruising off the Cape. A number of French privateers, fitted out at Cuba, were cruising to leeward of Port de Paix. The whites have been massacred generally throughout the Island, except at the Cape, where it was expected they would share a similar fate. No whites were permitted to leave the Cape. Santo Domingo still remained in the hands of the French. The Americans ill-treated by the blacks at the Cape. Scarcely a night passed without a robbery taking place.

25,000 Dollars the biggest prize.

For sale by JOHN HARRISON, No. 3 Peck-Slip,

TICKETS

In Lottery No. 11, for the ENCOURAGEMENT of LITERATURE.

A few Tickets are yet on hand.

TICKETS REGISTERED & EXAMINED.

PRINTING.

CARDS, HANDBILLS, and every kind of PRINTING executed at this office, neatly and accurately, at the shortest notice.

COURT OF HYMN.

MAY Heaven's propitious smile, all repose,
Each year excrete their mortal happiness;
May pure joys on all their lives attend,
And all their virtues to their race descend.

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Austin, Mr. GEORGE PRICE, jun. to Miss CATHERINE OLIVER of Eliz. both Towns.

On Wednesday evening the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, Mr. BENJAMIN CRAWLS to Miss ELIZ SCHUYLER, both of this city.

On Thursday evening the 29th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. ROBERT DILL of Ulster County, to Miss ELIZA MYER, daughter of John I. Myer, Esq. late of this city, deceased.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Linn, Mr. HENRY CONWAY of New-Orleans, to Miss HESTER MARLBING, of Long-Island.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. HENRY W. THORPE of this city, to Miss SUSANNAH HEWLETT, of Great Neck, Long-Island.

At St. Croix, Dr. JONAS S. ADDAMS, late of this city, to Miss ROBERTS, a lady of fortune.

At Baltimore, General HENRY DAVID, of the armies of the French Republic, to Miss LOUISA DE SEVER, daughter of Mrs. Breuil, of this city.

At Hartford, Vermont, Mr. JOHN HUNTINGTON, of Hartford, aged 45, to Miss LAURA BURBANK, aged 15.

MORTALITY.

WHAT is the fleeting life of mortal man?

Its days extended, measure but a span;

A vapour 'twixt about by every breath;

A nothing! such is man the sport of time and death.

DIED.

On Tuesday morning last, in the 69th year of his age, Mr. JOSEPH SARTRE, an inhabitant of St. Domingo. His loss is much regretted by his numerous friends.

At Port-Spain, Trinidad, on the 8th February, after a severe illness of five days, Mr. Charles LAIGHT, surviving partner of the house of Wm. & Charles LAIGHT, formerly of this city. He had been there only a few weeks, and was on the point of returning to New-York, having engaged his passage just before his illness.

THEATRE.

This evening will be presented a Tragedy, called,

Pizarro in Peru;

Or, The DEATH OF COLLA.

To which will be added a Comedy, called,

Mrs. Wiggins.

On Monday evening will be presented, a Comedy, called, The

Wife of Two Husbands.

To which will be added a Farce, called,
Raising the Wind.

SELECT TUITION.

FOR YOUNG LADIES.

From 10 to 2 o'clock.

Young Ladies above 12 who are desirous of perfecting themselves, in an approved system of English Education, may apply at James Renda Select School for young Ladies, No 80 Greenwich-Street, on or before the 7th of May, as none will be admitted after that date.

March 30, 1804.

793-470

COURT OF APOLLO.

PARODY

ON THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

PITY the frowns of a poor old MAE,
Whole trembled limbs scarce keep her from the ground
Whole weary days are lengthen'd to despair,
For I am lame and wretchedly unfound.
This pained skin my poverty betrays,
Oh! once, alas! be struck off the food;
And may a shower in my furrow sow
Has been the sheen of a sea of blood.
Yon sickle sign excised near the waist,
With tempting spirit drew me from the road,
To shelter there—(for "entertainment good"
For meat and horse, "I was painted on the board,
Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here at I crav'd a handful of their hay,
An older drove me from the stable door,
To seek again my solitary way.
Oh! take me to you hovels' straw built shed,
Knee blows the wind, and piercing is the cold;
Oh! spare some litter for a fancy bed,
For I am lame and miserably cold.
Should I reveal the sources of my pain,
How long I'st borne oppression's direful sway,
Youthhood was not without some little gain,
And I in humble gratitude would neigh.
Myself descended from the noblest race,
Oft from New-market's course the palm have borne;
Or ran the foremost in the joyful chase,
When rosd' to action by the lightning horn,
Hard riding makes the flourish horse decline;
Hand riding brought me to the bliss you see;
May your own horse's fur be softer like mine,
The fool of famine and of misery!
Dread'd to draw feed, I labor'd thro' the day,
With toil unspiced, to earn my master's bread;
Then turn'd adrift, this dreary waste to stray
Unfed and unshod, and worst of all, unaid,
Died! Dobbie, late companion of my age,
(Oft did the cruel whip his carcase lay)
Fell, humbling fell, for victim to blood rage,
And left the cart to cruelty and awe,
Fury the frowns of a poor old mare, &c.

ANECDOTE.

LEGAL MEASURE.—"You are an excellent packer," said a *bow-woman* to a waiter—"I don't understand you, Sir," replied the attendant—"Why you have contrived to pack a quart of wine into a *first* decanter."

TO THE LADIES.

A safe clear and delicate skin.

THE PROPRIETORS of the celebrated **ITALIAN LILLY LOTION**, take this method of informing Ladies and the fashionable world, that they have just received a fresh supply of this valuable article, which is held in such high estimation by ladies of the first rank in Europe and America, for its superior qualities in cleaning, clearing, and softening the skin, as well as freeing it from those cutaneous eruptions incident to many complexions, and so highly detrimental to female beauty. The Lilly Lotion is peculiar pleasant in its operation; washes the skin perfectly clean; an agreeable perfume immediately succeeds its use; the skin is also softened and refreshed, while the whole complexion assumes an enraptured appearance.

The proprietors of this incomparable article think it a duty incumbent upon them to apologize for the length of time they have disappointed their fair friends in not having a sufficient supply to satisfy the very great demand.

Price One Dollar.

Sold wholesale and retail at **MRS. STOKES** and Co's, Foreign and Family Medicine Store, 433 Pearl Street, and retail at Mr. James O'Brien's Book-Store, Water Street.

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